

NATIONAL

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3
REALITY
ONLY

MARCH No. 40

COMICS

10¢

RACKET-BUSTER

UNCLE SAM

SMASHES

THE SYNDICATE OF CRIME!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Boys!

FREE

5 POWER TELESCOPE

WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN

Safe Harmless!

BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

Send no money To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 11, Ill. Dept. 1703 B

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$3.79 (a saving of 17c).

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I Will Train You at Home For Vital Jobs Now Open in RADIO

Many Jobs Now Open Pay \$50 a Week

Would you like a good civilian job vital to the war effort that has a bright future after the war? Would you like to be in line for promotions in rank and pay if you're called into Military Service? Then get my FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." Find out how I train you at home to be a Radio Technician or Radio Operator!

Big Demand Now For Well-Trained Radio Technicians, Operators

Radio has jumped from a great peacetime business to a booming war industry. The Radio repair business is booming because no new Radios are being made. Radio Technicians and Operators are needed—hundreds of them—for vital jobs at good wages.

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation Radio and Police Radio, and other Radio branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. Radio Manufacturers, now working on Government orders for Radio equipment, employ trained men. The Government too needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women. You may never see a time again when it will be so easy to get started in this fascinating field!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

The day you enroll for my Course I start sending you EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that soon show how to earn extra money fixing Radios. Many make \$5, \$10 a week extra in spare time while still learning. I send you SIX big kits of real Radio parts. You LEARN

Radio fundamentals from my Lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building typical circuits like those illustrated on this page—PROVE what you learn by interesting tests on the circuits you build.

Extra Pay is Army, Navy, Too

There's a real need in Army, Navy for trained Radio men. If you have completed a course in Radio you stand a good chance of being assigned to communications work. N. R. I. has trained many men who now hold specialist's ratings. Over 1,700 Service Men are enrolled with N. R. I.

Be Ready to Cash In on Good Pay Jobs Coming in Television, Electronics

Think of the NEW jobs that Television, Frequency Modulation, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! You have a real opportunity. But the opportunity the war has given beginners to get started in the fascinating field of Radio may never be repeated. So take the first step at once. Get my FREE 64-page, illustrated book. No obligation—no salesman will call. Just mail the coupon in an envelope or paste it on a penny postal. Get started today on the road to better pay! J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4CA1, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

You Build These And Other Radio Circuits With Kits I Supply

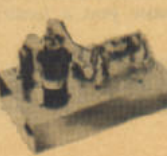
By the time you've conducted 60 sets of experiments with Radio Parts I supply—have made hundreds of measurements and adjustments—you'll have valuable, PRACTICAL experience.



You build this SUPERHETERODYNE CIRCUIT containing a pre-selector, oscillator-mixer-first detector, I.f. stage, diode-detector-a.v.c. stage and audio stage. It will bring in local and distant stations. Get the thrill of learning at home evenings in spare time while you put the set through fascinating tests!



You build this MEASURING INSTRUMENT yourself early in the Course, useful for practical Radio work. Vacuum Tube Multimeter, measures A.C., D.C. and R.F. volts, D.C. currents, resistance, receiver output.



Building this A. M. SIGNAL-GENERATOR will give you valuable experience. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for test and experimental purposes.



THIS FREE BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4CA1

National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Age.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Vital Radio Jobs like these go to Men I Trained

"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month."
A. J. FROEHNER, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



"I am doing spare time Radio work. Am averaging around \$500 a year. Those extra dollars mean so much."
JOHN WASHKO, 97 New Cranberry, Hazleton, Pa.



"I cannot divulge any information as to my work, but N.R.I. training is coming in handy."
Lt. R. W. ANDERSON.
(Address omitted for military reasons.)



"Before I completed your lessons, I obtained my Radio Operator's license and joined Station WMPC." HOLLIS F. HAYES, 327 Madison St., Lapeer, Mich.

The 97 Pound Weakling

— Who became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!"

Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension". It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 C
115 East 23rd Street
New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A



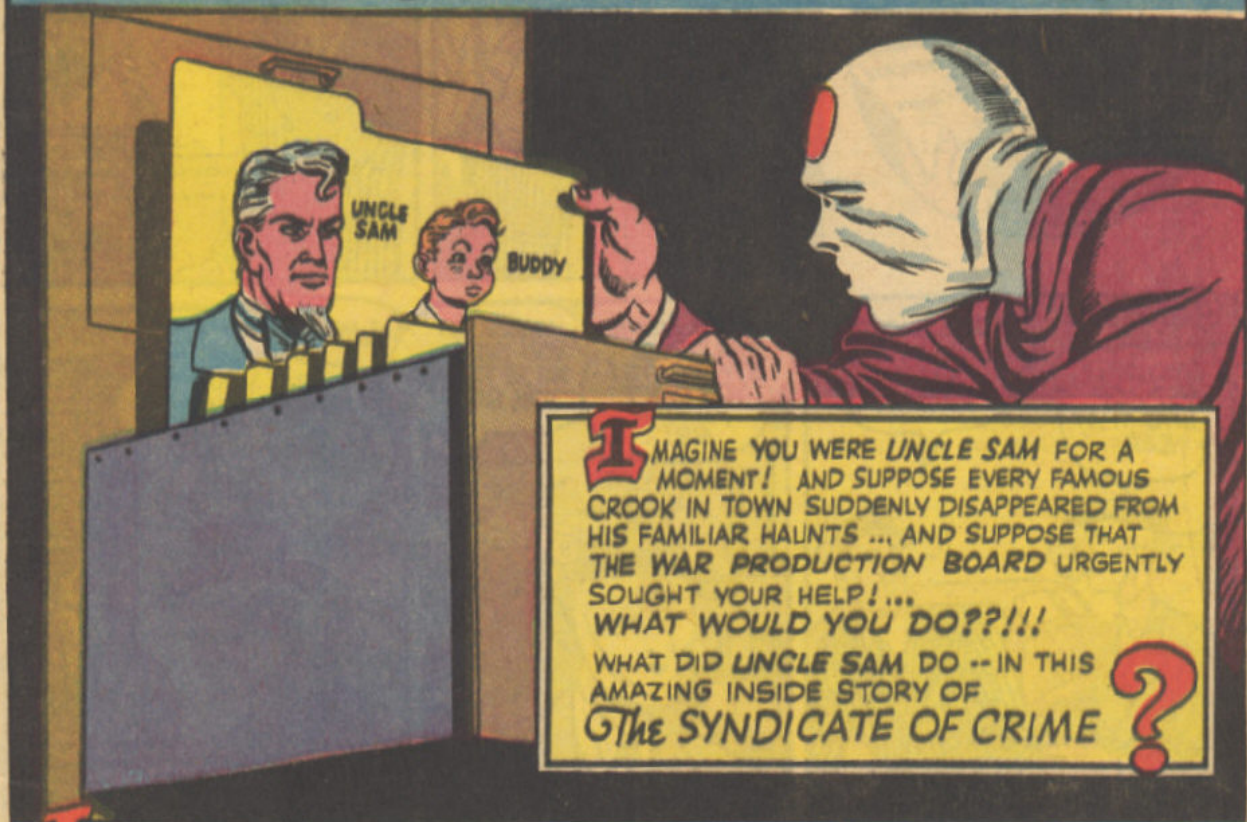
CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

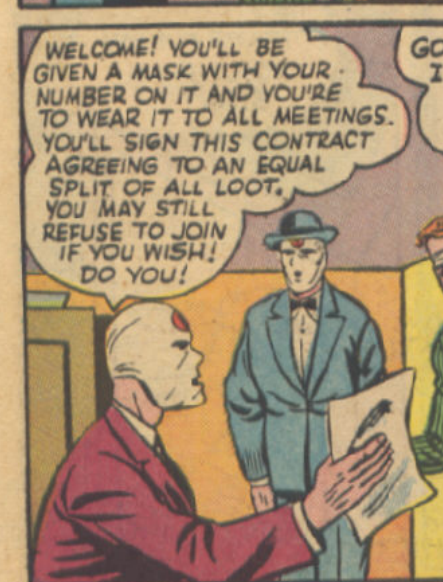
Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 C 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

UNCLE SAM

AND *The* SYNDICATE of CRIME!





MEANYWHILE, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY ENTER THE OFFICE OF THE WAR PRODUCTION BOARD...



UNCLE SAM, OUR WAR EFFORT IS SERIOUSLY HELD UP BY LACK OF INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS! WE DECIDED TO USE WHITE DIAMONDS INSTEAD - BUT ---

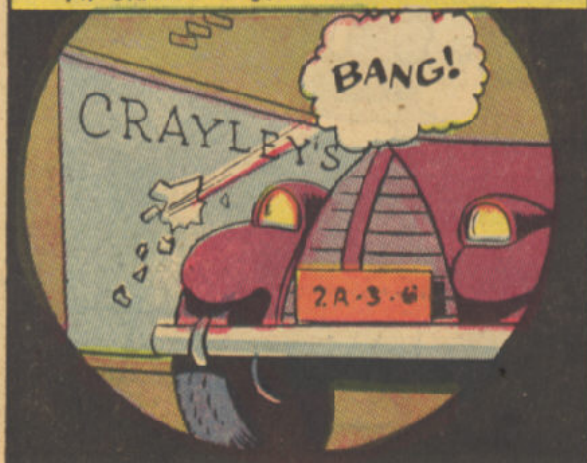


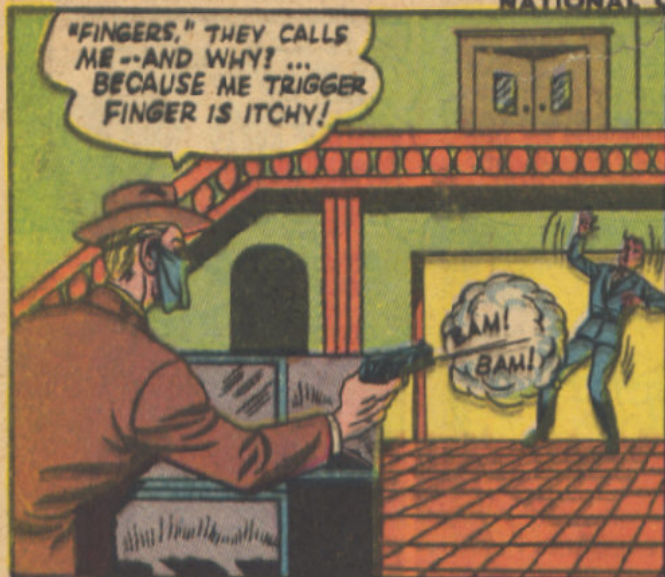
AS SOON AS WE MAKE A BID, THE DIAMONDS ARE STOLEN! EVERY DIAMOND MERCHANT IN THIS COUNTRY IS BEING ROBBED!

THIS SITUATION MUST NOT CONTINUE!



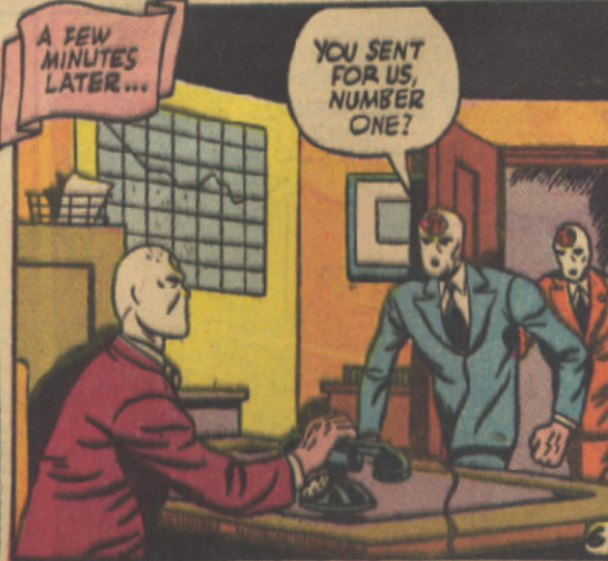
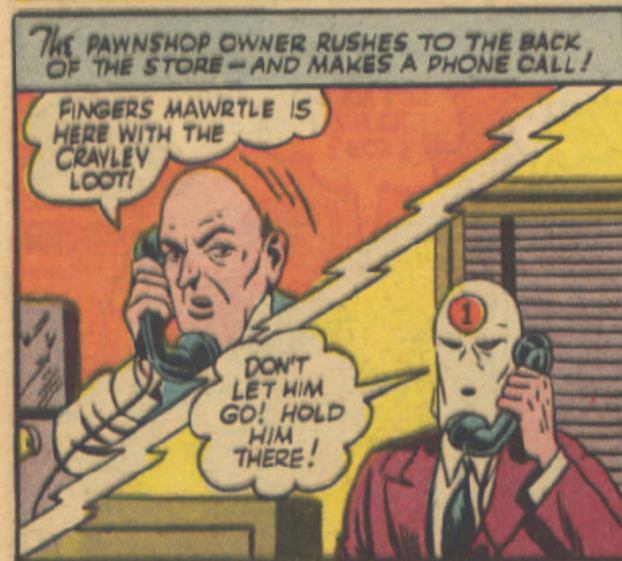
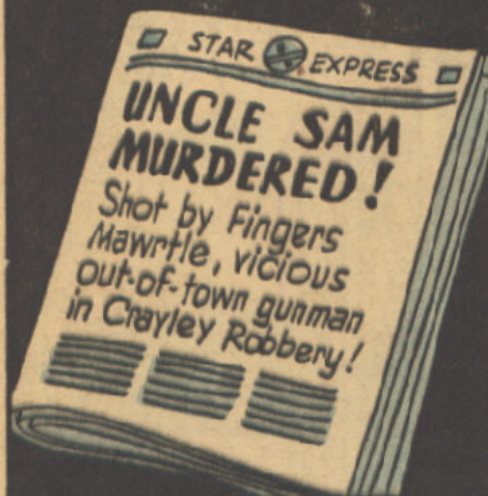
NEXT DAY, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CITY, A DARING ROBBERY IS IN PROGRESS AT CRAYLEY'S JEWELRY SHOP!







THE WHOLE NATION IS SHOCKED BY THE NEWS!





Meanwhile...
LOOK! - STOP
YER STALLIN'!
YOU KNOW
THEM GEMS
IS THE REAL
McCOY!

JUST A
MATTER
OF MAKIN'
SURE!
WHAT'S
YOUR
HURRY?



YOU
AIN'T GOIN'
NOWHERE...
OOF!!

I AIN'T, EH?
I OUGHTA
TAKE YA
APART! I'LL
SELL THESE
GEMS SOME
OTHER--



WHA--?
HEY!
LOOK
OUT!
I'LL--

EASY,
FINGERS!
YOU'RE GOIN'
WIT' US--
OR ELSE!



OKAY! BUT YOU
AIN'T COPS--
SO WHAT'S
YER
RACKET?

YOU'LL
FIND OUT
SOON
ENOUGH!



LATER - AT THE CRIME SYNDICATE OFFICE...

NOW WHAT?
IT'S GETTIN'
ON ME
NOIVES!

LEAVE US ALONE,
MEN! HELLO, FINGERS!
WELCOME TO THE
CRIME SYNDICATE!



YOU SHOULD
BE FLATTERED!
NOT EVERY
CROOK CAN
JOIN THE
CRIME
SYNDICATE!

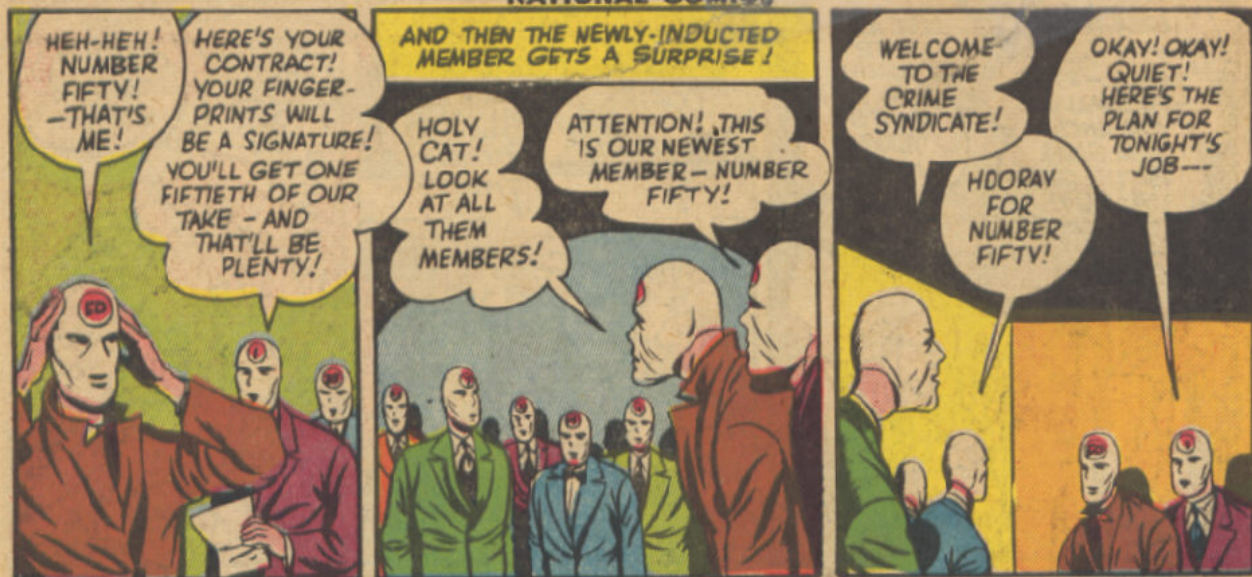
ON THE LEVEL! - SAY--
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF
WEARIN' A MASK WITH
A NUMBER ON IT?

SIMPLE! ALL MEMBERS
WEAR MASKS! I'M THE ONLY
ONE WHO KNOWS THEM ALL!
THAT'S SO THE COPS, IF THEY
EVER CATCH ONE OF US, CAN'T
FORCE HIM TO SQUEAL WHO THE
OTHERS ARE! I'M NUMBER ONE
-THE HEAD! WANT TO JOIN
AND BE "NUMBER FIFTY"?

SURE!
I'LL JERN!
IT'S AN
HONOR!

IT'S A DEAL!
YOU'LL HAVE TO
SIGN A CONTRACT!
YOUR MASK IS IN
THE TOP DRAWER!
PUT IT ON! I'LL
BE RIGHT
BACK!







IT'S THE
CRIME
SYNDICATE!

THE LAW!
LET 'EM
HAVE IT!



BUDDY! HE'LL
BE KILLED! ...
BUDDY! --
COME BACK!

DIRTY CROOKS!
UNCLE SAM
DIED FIGHTING
CROOKS! I'LL
GET 'EM!



CHARGE,
MEN! WE
MUST SAVE
THAT
BOY!

LET'S
GO!
HOORAY!

BANG!



I GOTCHA!
I'M HOLDING
YOU!

LEGGO!
YA PUNK
KID!



OKAY! I'LL
TAKE CARE OF
THE KID! --
SCRAM INTO
THE CAR!

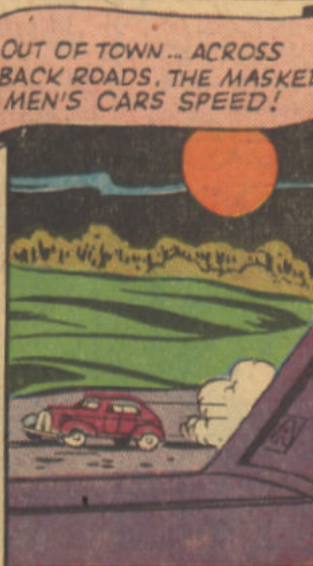
T'ANKS, NUMBER
FIFTY! HURRY!
HERE COME
THE COPS!



HURRY UP,
NUMBER
FIFTY!

COMING!
STEP
ON IT!

BANG!



OUT OF TOWN... ACROSS
BACK ROADS, THE MASKED
MEN'S CARS SPEED!



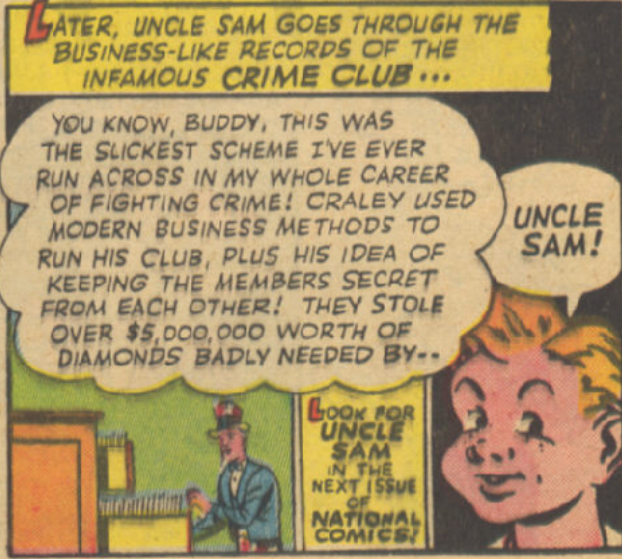
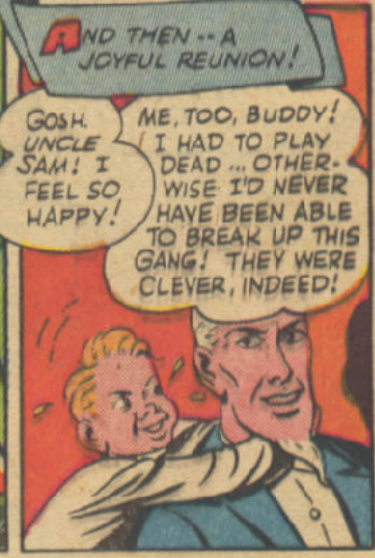
Later...

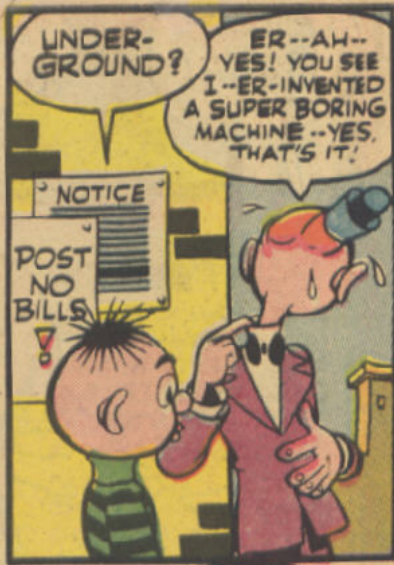
FIRST
TIME THE
COPS EVER
GOT ONTO
US!

WE'RE
LUCKY
WE GOT
AWAY!

NUMBER
ONE NEVER
SLIPPED
UP ON THE
PLANS BEFORE!
SOMETHING'S
WRONG!



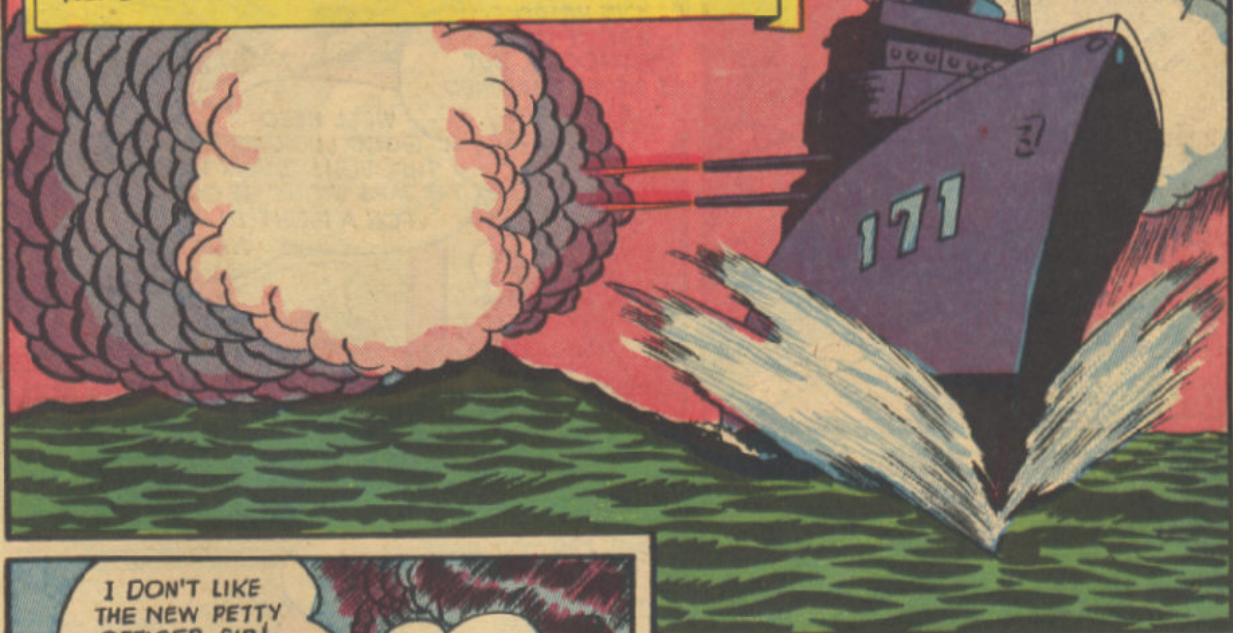




DESTROYER 171

A TYPHOON WAS RAGING IN THE SULTRY AND BATTLE-TORN WATERS OF THE CHINA SEA! IN THE MIDST OF THE HOWLING TEMPEST, **DESTROYER 171** LOCKED IN A DEATH DUEL WITH A LIGHT ENEMY CRUISER - A BATTLE, WHICH BY ALL THE RULES OF NAVAL WARFARE A DESTROYER COULD NOT SURVIVE!

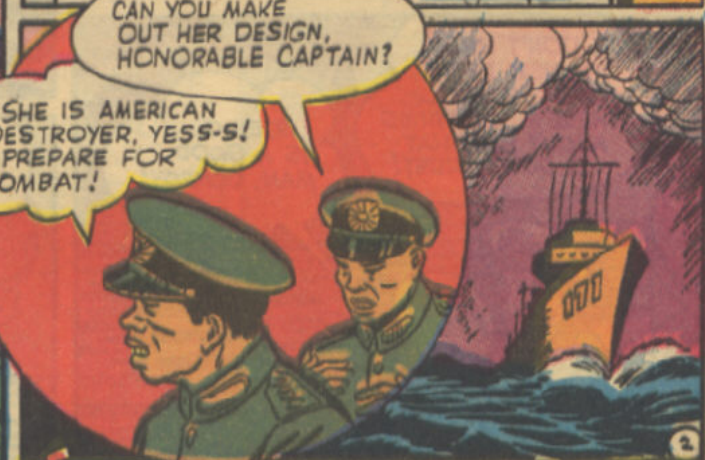
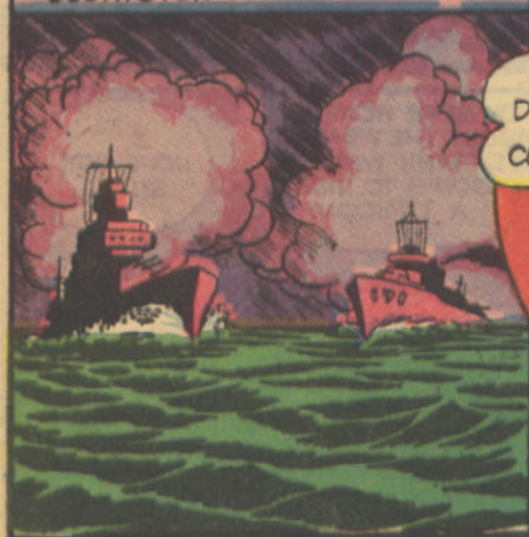
AND THE GUNS OF **DESTROYER 171** WERE USELESS! SABOTAGE CRIPPLED HER ROARING CANNON AND DEADLY FLAMES SWEEPED THE HOLD AS THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF THE GALLANT FIGHTING SHIP PUSHED ON TO KEEP THEIR RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH!!



HALF AN HOUR LATER... THE SKY IS BLOTED OUT BY A GIANT BLACK HAND, AND THE WIND RISES TO A SCREAMING SONG OF FURY!



BUT, WITH THE RACING WIND AT HER BACK, A JAP LIGHT CRUISER MOVES DIRECTLY ACROSS THE PATH OF DESTROYER 171! ...



SO BEGINS A WEIRD STRUGGLE BETWEEN TWO TEMPEST-TOSSED SHIPS ... BATTLING THE FANATICAL VIOLENCE OF NATURE GONE MAD!! ...

NATIONAL COMICS



WHAT IS IT, KOENIG?

BOTH STARBOARD GUNS ARE USELESS, SIR! IT WILL TAKE SEVERAL HOURS TO MAKE THE NECESSARY REPAIRS!



GET TO WORK RIGHT AWAY! WE'LL TRY TO SLIP AWAY FROM THE JAP UNDER COVER OF THIS WIND!



DID THAT SHELL CAUSE ANY DAMAGE?

LOOSENED THE PLATES, SIR! WE'VE GOT THE PUMPS WORKING, BUT WE WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE ANY SPEED UNTIL THEY'RE FIXED!



THAT SETTLES OUR HASH, CONROY! WE CAN'T RUN AND WE CAN'T FIGHT!

I DON'T THINK KOENIG'S THE RIGHT MAN TO SUPERVISE THE REPAIRS ON THOSE GUNS! I'LL GET THE SPARE PARTS FROM THE HOLD, MYSELF!

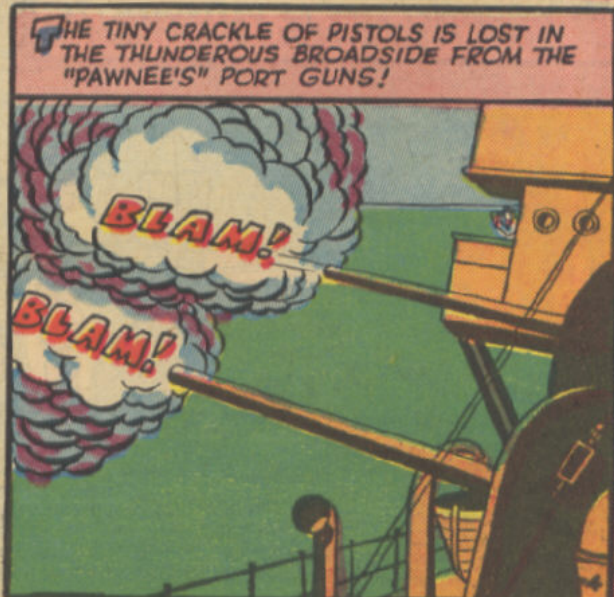


SALVOS OF SHELLFIRE CRASH INTO THE WINDSWEPT SEAS AS DESTROYER 171 MIRACULOUSLY EMERGES UNSCATHED!

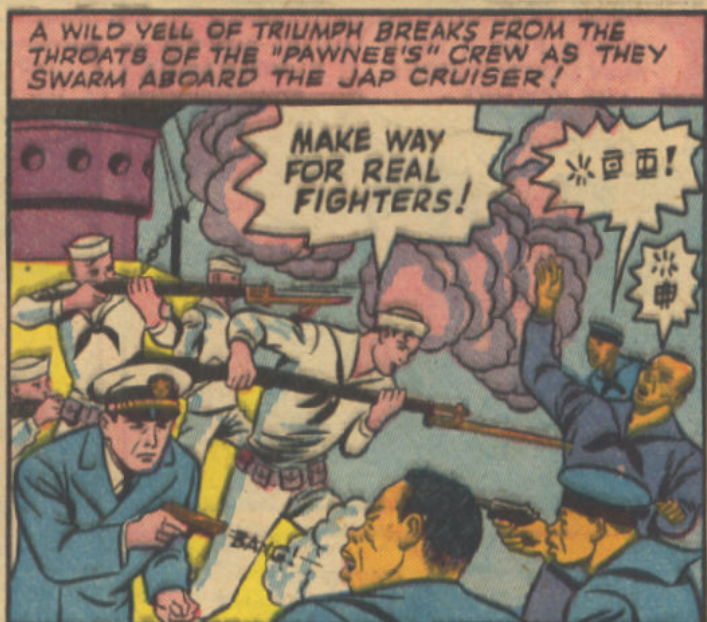


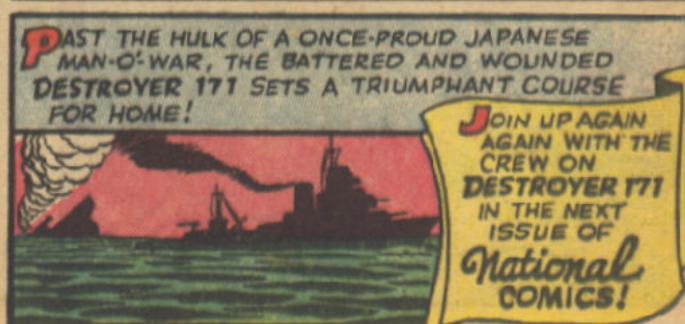
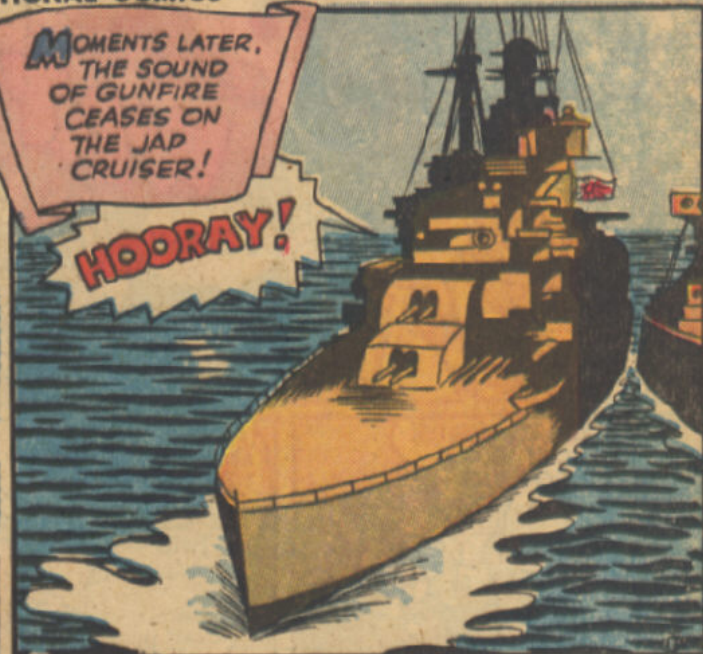
KOENIG! WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE?

N-NOTHING, MISTER CONROY!

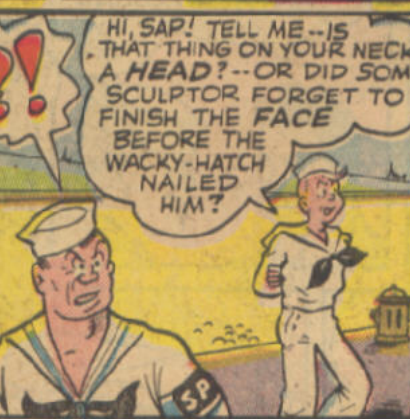
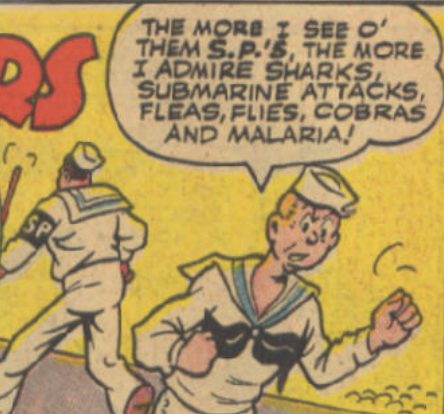








Salty Waters



NATIONAL COMICS

QUICKSILVER



QUICKSILVER, EX-CIRCUS ACROBAT AND THE FASTEST HUMAN BEING, IS ALWAYS ON THE ALERT FOR FRESH CRIMES TO SMASH/ BUT IT TAKES ALL HIS SKILL AND DARING AND FLASHING SPEED TO CARVE HIS WAY OUT OF THE SINISTER CRIME WEB WOVEN BY A MONEY-MAD FAKE COUNT AND A MURDER-MINDED BEGGAR

A SMALL SECTION OF PEGGER STREET APTLY NICKNAMED "BEGGAR" STREET...

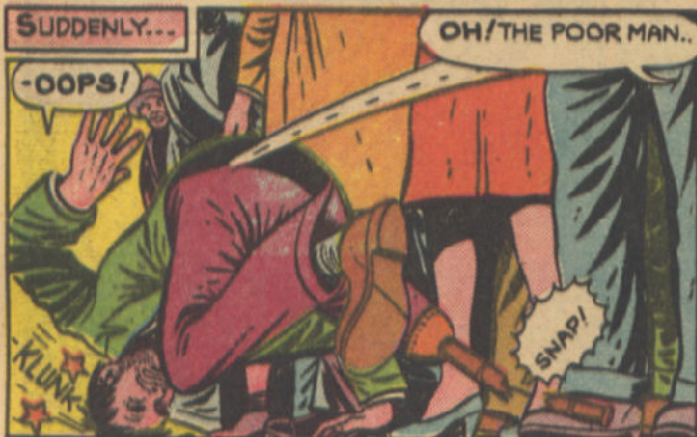


COULD SOMEBODY HELP A POOR MAN GET A BITE TO EAT... ??

UGH / WHY DON'T THE POLICE DO SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THESE BEGGARS ?



A SLIM FIGURE STEPS FROM A DOORWAY.



STICK AROUND WHILE I SEE IF THAT BOY NEEDS HELP!

SKIP IT! DAT'S BUMPY JOHN! HE DONT NEED NO HELP! HE CRACKS HIS HEAD LIKE DAT EVERY NIGHT AND DONT GET HURTED!



NATIONAL COMICS

YOU MEAN HE DELIBERATELY HITS HIMSELF LIKE THAT TO GET SYMPATHY!

SURE / DAT'S HIS RACKET- AND DOES HE CASH IN! HE'S GOT DA KIND OF HEAD DAT HEALS UP RIGHT AWAY!! IT DON'T EVEN HURT HIM!!

THE THINGS YOU BIRDS DO FOR MONEY!!

FORGET US BEGGARS! DERE'S SUMP'N BIG AN' DIRTY COOKIN'! YUH KNOW DAT PONEY COUNT REFUGEE WHO LIVES IN DA OLD CASTLE??

COUNT KORDO? HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A RUMANIAN REFUGEE!

BAH! HE'S A FAKE- BUT HE'S PLANNIN' SUMP'N!! HE PROPOSITIONED BUMPY ON SOME DEAL DAT'S PLENTY DOITY!!

LATER, AT QUICKSILVER'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS...



HMMM / A MILLION DOLLARS WOULD BE SOME HAUL - BUT I CAN'T MOVE UNTIL THEY START SOMETHING / THE COUNT'S IN SOCIETY TOO SOLID!

THANKS, PETE / I'LL LOOK INTO IT!

AN' WATCH YOURSELF / BUMPY JOHN'S KILL CRAZY / HE'S GOT MURDER- BUGS IN HIS BELFRY. DAT'S WHY I KNOW BUMP'N ROTTEN IS DUE!!

NEXT NIGHT- IN COUNT KORDO'S RENTED "CASTLE" HOME...

WE'RE ALL SET, BUMPY! TOMORROW NIGHT'S THE BALL!! WE COLLECT A MILLION DOLLARS FOR REFUGEE RELIEF...

HAW-HAW! AND DO WE NEED RELIEF! HAH! GO AHEAD AND CALL DA DAME SO WE KIN GET STARTED!

MRS. VAN GELT, I'M SO SORRY

BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO MANAGE YOUR BALL TOMORROW NIGHT! SOMETHING MOST UNUSUAL HAS JUST COME UP..

OOO, DEAR COUNT! HOW DREADFUL!! IS ANYTHING WRONG??

WELL-L, I SHOULDN'T TELL THIS- BUT MY NEPHEW JUST RETURNED WOUNDED, FROM THE CORAL SEA BATTLE! HE LOST ONE LEG THERE...



NATIONAL COMICS

MINUTES LATER...

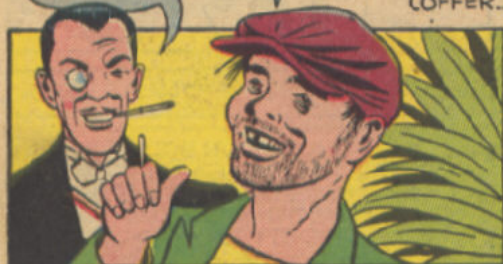
WE'RE IN! I SAID I'D PERSUADE YOU TO BE GUEST OF HONOR AT THE BALL! THAT GLAMOR HEN WILL SPREAD THE STORY ALL OVER!!

SO NOW I'M A HERO! WELL, FER HALF A MILLION BUCKS I'D EVEN BE A GENTLEMAN, HAW-HAW!

THE NEXT NIGHT THE CITY'S RICH POUR THEIR WEALTH INTO THE CHARITY COFFER...

AH, MRS. DOHEVY! ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY NEPHEW, ALFRED...

OOO, YOU DEAR, HANDSOME BOY! WE CAN ONLY GIVE OUR MONEY- BUT YOU HAVE GIVEN YOUR ALL!!



A SHORT TIME LATER...



THOSE GUARDS FROM THE BANK WILL NOW COUNT THE MONEY AND GIVE US A RECEIPT BEFORE MOVING IT OUT...

MY NEPHEW HAS CONSENTED TO GO WITH THEM AS A GUARD OF HONOR! THEY'LL COUNT THE MONEY IN THE LIBRARY AND REPORT TO ME!



HAVE A SEAT, SON! YOU CAN WATCH US COUNT THIS AND THEN TAKE THE RECEIPT BACK!! THE REFUGEES DONE OKAY TONIGHT, I'D SAY!!

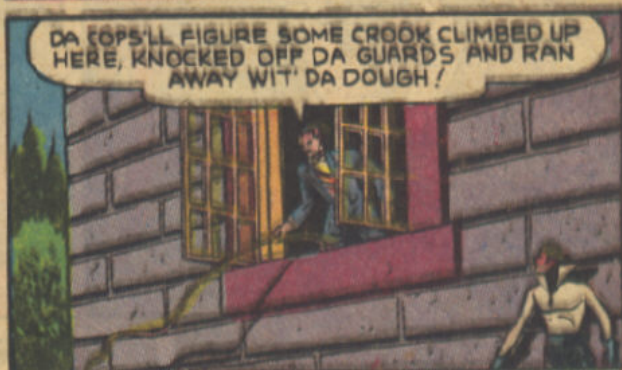


YOU'RE TELLIN'... ER, I MEAN- YES INDEED!

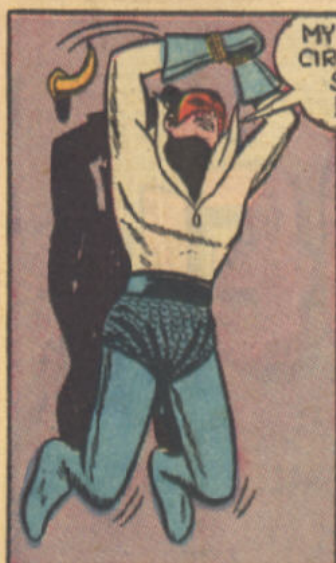
A HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND- TEN- TWELVE...



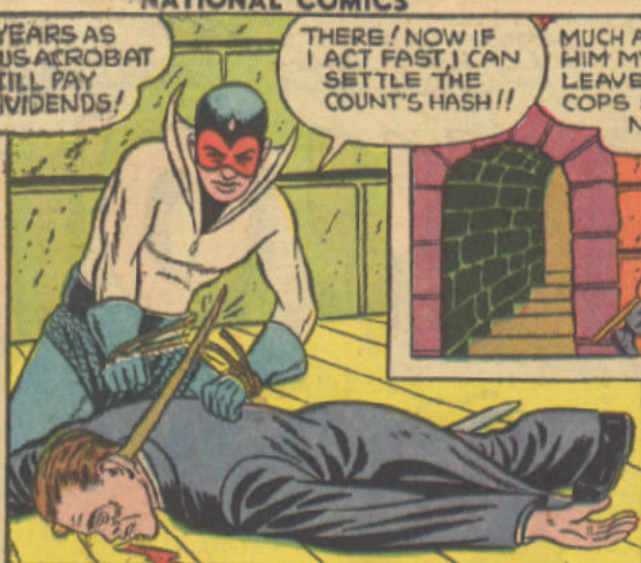
AGH-H!







MY YEARS AS CIRCUS ACROBAT STILL PAY DIVIDENDS!



THERE! NOW IF I ACT FAST, I CAN SETTLE THE COUNT'S HASH!!

MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO SMASH HIM MYSELF, I'D BETTER LEAVE ONE JOB FOR THE COPS SO THEY WON'T FEEL NEGLECTED!



NOW THE POLICE CAN SEE AT A GLANCE WHO COMMITTED THE MURDERS OF THE GUARDS!



AND THIS WILL SHOW THEM THE MOTIVE - BUMPY ATTEMPTING TO GRAB THE MONEY!



I HEAR THE COUNT COMING WITH A CROWD! HE WANTED WITNESSES TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE BUT WHEN THE POLICE INVESTIGATE BUMPY...



EEEEK!

THERE! OUR DRAMA MOVES INTO ITS LAST ACT!! OF COURSE THE COPS WILL WONDER WHO KILLED BUMPY...




BUT THEY WON'T WORRY TOO MUCH! THEY'LL BE TOO BUSY DUSTING OFF THE HOT SEAT FOR THE COUNT WHO COUNTED HIS CHICKENS TOO SOON!

QUICKSILVER
WILL HOLD
YOU SPELLBOUND AGAIN
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
NATIONAL COMICS

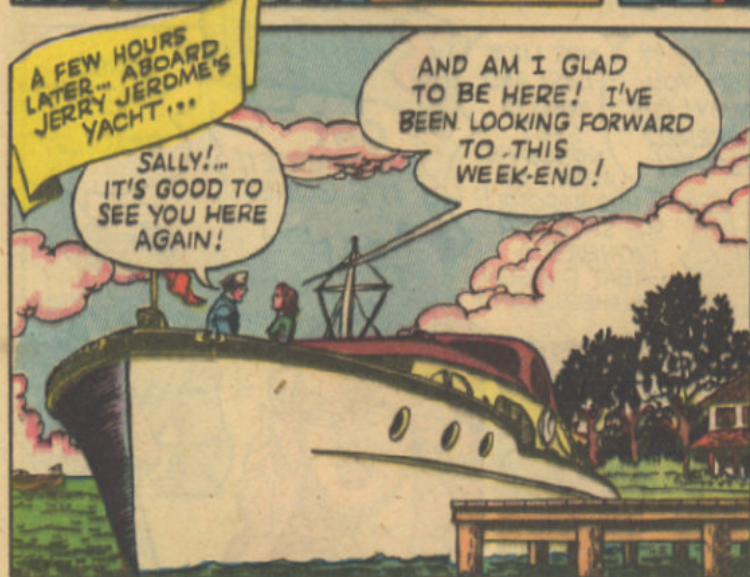
NATIONAL COMICS

Policewoman **SALLY O'NEIL**

By
AL. BRYANT

A full-page illustration of Sally O'Neil, a policewoman, in a red two-piece outfit, sitting on a large yellow circular sign. She is holding a white hat in her right hand and has a confident expression. The background shows a red and white ship on the left, a small airplane flying in the sky on the right, and a small flag on a pole in the distance. The water is depicted with green and blue waves.

... A Night of Horror!
Murder, Menace, and Mystery!
... ALL THESE FACED SALLY O'NEIL!
WHEN SHE ACCEPTED AN INVITATION FROM
JERRY JEROME, YOUNG MILLIONAIRE, AND
JOINED HIS PARTY FOR A WEEK-END CRUISE,
SHE HOPED TO LEAVE CRIME BEHIND! ...
INSTEAD, SHE BECAME ENTANGLED
IN A BAFELING SERIES OF INCIDENTS!
YOU, TOO, WILL BE PUZZLED BY
THE TURN OF EVENTS IN THIS
STORY OF **The Cruise
of DEATH!**



MUCH LATER... THE SAME DAY...

THANK YOU, AMBROSE!

I NEED THIS!

WHAT'S WRONG, TOMMY? IN THE DUMPS?

I'M ONLY THE KID BROTHER! BUT I HATE TO SEE JERRY MAKING SUCH A FOOL OF HIMSELF!

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?

JERRY'S KNOWN CYNTHIA JUST TWO WEEKS! AND SHE HAS HIM IN SUCH A SPIN HE DOESN'T KNOW HIS RIGHT NAME!

DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU, TOMMY! IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE!

NOT LIKE THIS! AND WHO IS SHE? NOBODY'S HEARD OF HER BEFORE! SHE SAYS HER FATHER'S A GREAT OREGON LUMBERMAN!

Suddenly!!

OH! MY BRACELET! IT'S GONE!

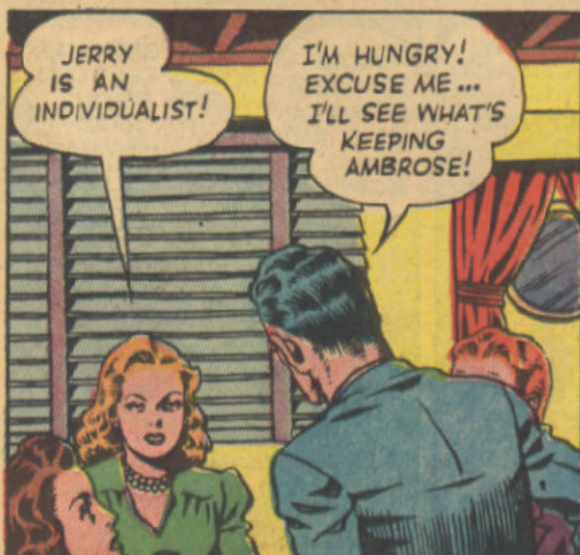
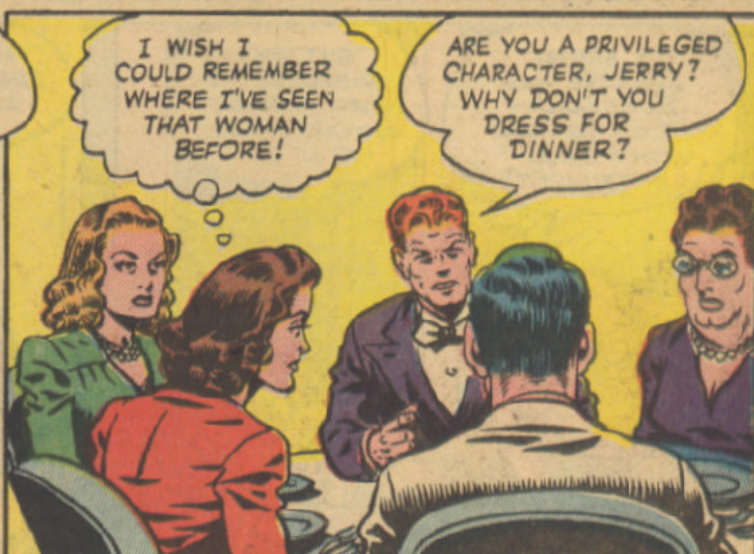
GONE? WHAT KIND OF BRACELET?

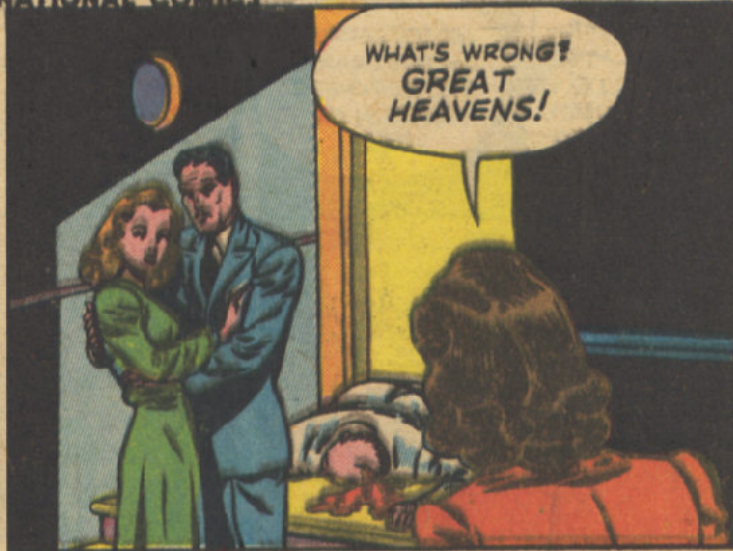
IT WAS A DIAMOND BRACELET! I PAID --- I MEAN, MY FATHER GAVE IT TO ME! SOMEONE HAS STOLEN IT!

COME NOW CYNTHIA! WE'LL FIND IT!

NOBODY WOULD HAVE STOLEN IT! THERE ARE ONLY THE FIVE OF US AND THE CREW ABOARD!

OF COURSE, SILLY CHILD! AND IF YOU HAVE LOST IT -- YOUR FATHER CAN BUY YOU ANOTHER!











A SHORT TIME LATER...

WELL, OUR CRIMINALS ARE SECURELY LOCKED UP, TILL WE GET BACK TO PORT!

WHAT A NIGHTMARE THIS HAS BEEN!



I'M SORRY, JERRY!

I'M STILL IN THE DARK! ... I'M CONFUSED AS TO WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED!



IT'S SIMPLE!... CYNTHIA WANTED A RICH HUSBAND! SHE HAD A LITTLE MONEY AND WAS WILLING TO GAMBLE IT ON YOU!

AND I WAS A SUCKER!



CYNTHIA HIRED THE ACTRESS TO POSE AS HER AUNT, CONCOCTED A CONVINCING STORY ABOUT HERSELF, AND SET HER CAP FOR YOU! ...

THAT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME A BIT!



BUT WHAT ABOUT -- AMBROSE?

WELL, AUNTIE PULLED THE ROBBERIES AND CYNTHIA FOUND OUT ABOUT IT! AMBROSE WAS UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO OVERHEAR THEIR CONVERSATION! HE KNEW TOO MUCH -- AND CYNTHIA WASN'T GOING TO ALLOW HER LITTLE PLAN TO FAIL!



AND I ALMOST MET THE SAME FATE AS AMBROSE! ... LET'S GO IN! IT'S GETTING CHILLY!

AND I ASKED YOU ON THIS CRUISE TO GET YOUR MIND OFF CRIME FOR THE WEEK-END!



SALLY! ... YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

NO! ... JUST A COP! ANYWAY, JERRY, I'M GLAD I CAME ALONG! -- YOU MIGHT HAVE MARRIED THE GIRL! -- THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN MOST UNFORTUNATE!

SALLY O'NEIL WILL BE BACK AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!

CHIC CARTER

by
VERNON
HENKEL



THE Ace Reporter meets a killer who issues advance tickets to his exhibition of "MURDER AS AN ART"!!



HAYE??
...JUMPING
JELLYBEANS!
I'M PRACTICALLY
THERE NOW,
BOSS!

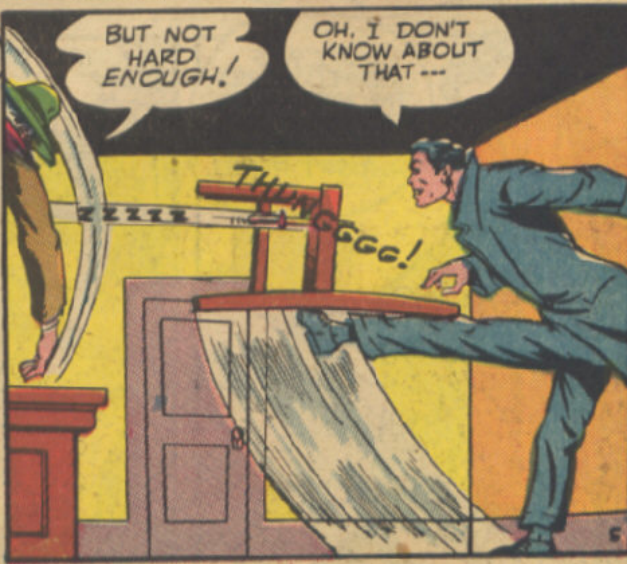
POLICE
STATION

© 1970
V. H. 1070!!

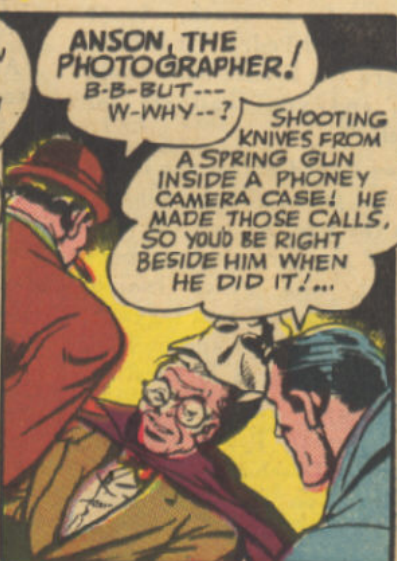








NATIONAL COMICS



THE COWARD

PEACE had come to California. Peace after all the years of war—raids by buccaners. And so old Monterey lay basking in the warm sunshine, with the Pacific surf washing its doorstep. The populace basked too and listened to the bells of the old mission toll out the noon hour.

Happiness was everywhere. Happiness and peace. Lovers strolled under the peppers and acacia and mimosa; birds sang.

But there was no peace in the heart of Pedro Salazar. At the moment he sat on the worn steps of the mission and poured out his heart to the good Padre Ramirez.

"Ah, Padre mia," he cried, "but I'm not a coward! Yet they say I have the water in my veins, that my spine it is a feather!"

Padre Ramirez smiled. "What nonsense, Pedro!" he chortled. "They say you are a coward simply because you refuse to bait the bull and bear in the city square? Huh! It is cowardice to make the bull and bear fight, I'm thinking. The bull has no chance; he is always chained."

"And," cried Pedro taking a bit of hope, "the bull is never tied in the corrido—in the bull-ring!"

"That's right, Pedro. So you go back down and join in the festivities. The whole town rejoices in the year of peace——"

Pedro left the mission. The first person he met was Senorita Lolita Perez, the lovely daughter of the town's mayor. She snubbed him, turning her head away as her carreta rumbled past. It hurt Pedro terribly. He

loved Lolita in his childish manner. But she too had branded him coward.

Pedro turned away from the town and headed for the beach, where his small sailing boat lay moored. Pedro loved to sail in the bay. Out there, with the waves laughing at his boat, he dreamed. Sometimes he even forgot he was a coward——

Pedro ran beyond the spit of land that formed the northern fringe of the harbor and tacked into the wind. Then he froze with a startled exclamation.

"Madre Mio! Pirates!" He struggled to get his boat turned again. "Por Dios! it is Deschard!" He put back toward the town swiftly. The privateer was still a mile beyond the headland.

With pattering feet, Pedro rushed to Mayor Juan Perez' house, blurting out the news.

"Ho now, Pedro!" cried the paunchy mayor. "What is this, more of your brainstorms?"

"But of a truth, Senor Mayor," cried Pedro. "It is he—Deschard the Frenchman! Look, Senor, and you shall see for yourself!"

Perez leaped across the living room and gazed out the window across the bay. At last the high prow of the pirate's boat hove in sight, and Perez roared, "Manuel! Manuel, you laggard! Shake your stumps and call the garrison. Deschard is here!"

The mayor dashed from the house, leaving Pedro standing trembling. Deschard! The evillest pirate on the seven seas. What would happen to the small undermanned garrison?

A shot roared from the deck

of the privateer. The ball crashed through a store building, shattering it. Howls went up. The fifty-odd soldiers began firing at the ship. Manuel, the captain, bounced among his men, screaming orders.

They had two fairly heavy cannons. One of these bellowed, and part of the pirate's rigging went tattering. The soldiers cheered. The shot fired by the second cannon skipped across the water, missing the ship by two yards. Captain Manuel cursed at his men for their bad aiming.

Another shot and another belched from the pirate, and each of them took their toll.

Pedro rushed about getting the women and children into carretas and ordering them to the distant hills until the fighting was over. At length he saw Lolita.

"You and your mother must leave at once," he told the girl. "Until we have driven off the pirates."

Lolita laughed derisively. "We," she said sarcastically. "And pray what can you do to stop the pirates?"

Pedro's soul burned and tears of wounded pride came to his eyes.

"Go, please," he said.

"We'll stay," said Lolita. "My father the mayor will see to it that we are not harmed. But you!"

Pedro turned and hurried to the soldiers in the blockhouse, who were firing through the small square holes cut in the logs.

"Powder, boy!" bellowed Manuel. Pedro hurried to fetch a keg from the storage cellar.

NATIONAL COMICS

There he made a fearsome discovery. It was the last keg. They had no more powder!

Manuel screamed when he was told. "Then we're doomed!" he cried. "What can we do without powder?"

Deschard's ship stood just off the headland tip. It was growing dark. They were sure to send landing boats when darkness had fallen. The garrison was indeed doomed.

Pedro then had a daring idea. They must have powder. He hurried off into the gathering gloom, making for the headland. It was a quarter-mile or more. He kept himself screened by dodging behind bushes and rocks. At last he was at the very tip. Deschard's boat floated only about fifty yards off.

Pedro waded out and then began swimming, very silently. The pirates were all on the landward side of the ship, firing at the garrison. He prayed that they wouldn't see him.

A few minutes and then he was drawing himself up a thick hawser rope and climbing into the dark hold of the ship. Carefully he pulled the small boat tied to the stern up under a port.

It took him fifteen minutes to perform his daring task, then he cast off and let the boat drift. It was dark now and he hoped the flash of cannon fire wouldn't reveal him. When he was a hundred yards from the ship, he began rowing furiously for shore.

Just before he beached the craft a yell went up from the pirate ship. They had discovered the theft. But they seemed to still have plenty of ammunition, by the great salvo that cut loose from their deck guns. A rifle ball zipped past Pedro's head as he ran up the beach with both arms filled.

Captain Manuel nearly wept when he saw what Pedro had done.

"Powder!" he screeched. "Madre de Dios! You got us powder—you! And they call you coward!"

But powder or no powder, Deschard wasn't to be outdone. He and his men put off in small boats, taking advantage of the darkness. The firing on the beach was continuous, but the buccaneers came on, landed, and then the fighting was hand-to-hand.

A strange thing then came over Pedro. A tingling sort of mad blood-lust flushed his heart, his whole being. They had called him coward. Well, what would they think if he engaged Deschard himself at swords? Deschard, the greatest swordsman in New Spain!

Pedro plucked a slim dueling sword from the belt of Capt. Manuel and rushed into the fray. By this time several huge bonfires blazed, lighting up the beach. Most of the women and children from the hills, now a circle of tense faces, watched the battle.

Young Pedro bided his time. He waited until Deschard was free, then he rushed in, his rapier flashing. Deschard belated. What runty jackanapes was this, drawing sword against him—the great Deschard!

"Ho, rapsallion!" he boomed. "How do ye now? I shall slit thy gullet thrice!" He brought his great sword down in a terrific sweep. Pedro nimbly sidestepped and his rapier flashed. Blood sprang from the lobe of Deschard's right ear. The crowd howled. Even the pirates slowed down and at last both sides were watching with bated breath the duel between the great Deschard and his puny antagonist.

The townspeople of Monterey couldn't believe their eyes. Pedro, fighting Deschard!

Pedro cut Deschard's cheek,

slashed his chin. The pirate cursed and flailed with his cutlass. And then Pedro deftly flicked the cutlass out of Deschard's hand. It flew across the beach, amid the yells of Deschard's men and cries of "Bravo!" from the townspeople.

Deschard stood aghast, his eyes popping.

"W-what—who are you?" he gasped.

"Pedro—Pedro Salazar," replied the youth easily.

"Pedro—Salazar!" gasped Deschard. "You're the son of Diego Salazar of Seville! The greatest swordsman in Europe!"

"My father," said Pedro quietly, "was the greatest swordsman in the world."

Deschard gulped. "But you— you are greater! No one has ever bested me, youngster. No one! And I say Bravo for Pedro Salazar!"

Everybody took up the cry. And pirate and citizen, cemented in a common cause, carried Pedro on their shoulders. Fighting was forgotten. There was a great feast and much dancing far into the next day and night. The pirates fell to and helped rebuild the damaged town. A week later they sailed away, firing a jaunty salute—with the solemn promise that they'd never attack the California coast.

Was Pedro now a hero?

Years later, visitors at his modest home would recall the great sword battle and Pedro Salazar would point to the rusty rapier sticking deep in a beam of the living room and say, "I am only a poet, amigos, not a swordsman."

And Lolita, his lovely wife, would answer, "But he bested Deschard—lo, these many years ago! Pedrocita is the greatest swordsman-poet in the world!"

NATIONAL COMICS

THE UNKNOWN



MADNESS!

...MEN DREAD THE TERRORS OF THAT WORD --
THEY SHRINK FROM THE VERY SUGGESTION OF TOTTERING REASON!...
YET, THERE WAS TO COME A DAY WHEN **THE UNKNOWN**, MIGHTY
FIGHTER FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM, WAS TO WELCOME MADNESS
AND FIND HAVEN IN THE SHRIEKING CHAMBERS OF A LUNATIC
ASYLUM!!

EVENING AT NAZI
STAFF HEADQUARTERS IN
A TINY VILLAGE IN
OCCUPIED FRANCE...

ACH, FRITZ! A
VEEK VE HAFF HUNTED
MITOUT A TRACE UFF
DOSE FRENCH PRISONERS!

YA, ADOLF! DEY
ESCAPE PRISON UNDT
VANISH - CHUST LIKE DOT!
MAYBE VE SHOULD A FEW
MORE VILLAGERS EXECUTE,
NEIN?

OUTSIDE, A SINISTER SHADOW LURKS --
THE UNKNOWN!...

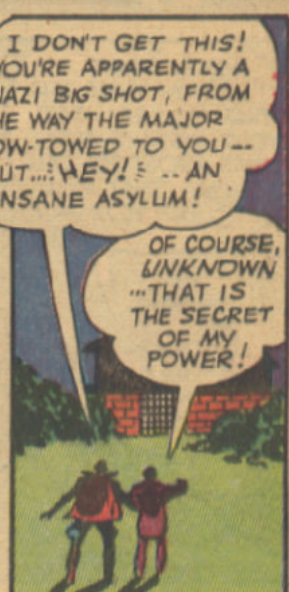
NEIN! IF VE SHOODT
MANY MORE, DERE VILL
BE NOBODY TO VAIT UPON DER
MASTER RACE! VE VAIT UNDT
SHITARVE DER FUGITIVES
OUT!



NATIONAL COMICS









"...UNDT I FOUND IT ON DER GROUND VERE DER LUNATIC LAY!

HAIR DYE!-- UNDT FRESH USED! QUICK! SOUND DER ASSEMBLY!

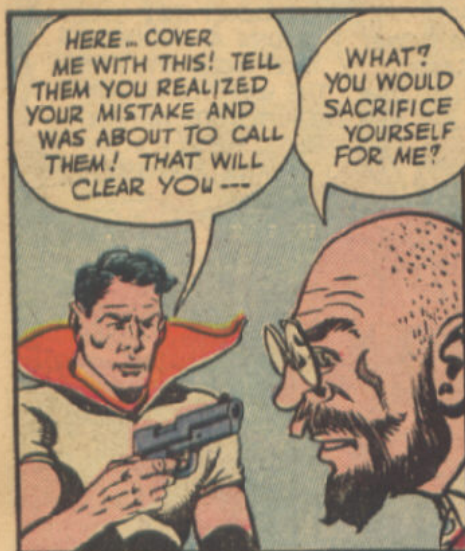


TO DER SANITARIUM! ALWAYS I HAFF HATED UNDT SUSPECTED DOT PHONEY DOKTOR! HIM I VILL KILL FIRST MEINSELF!



HERR DOKTOR! THE NAZIS ARE COMING! THEY'RE SPREADING OUT TO SURROUND THE SANITARIUM!

THEY'VE CAUGHT ON THAT I'M THE UNKNOWN, AFTER ALL!



HERE... COVER ME WITH THIS! TELL THEM YOU REALIZED YOUR MISTAKE AND WAS ABOUT TO CALL THEM! THAT WILL CLEAR YOU---

WHAT? YOU WOULD SACRIFICE YOURSELF FOR ME?



NO, UNKNOWN! MY USEFULNESS HERE HAS ENDED, ANYHOW! WE'LL EITHER FIGHT OUR WAY OUT OR DIE TRYING -- TOGETHER!

WE'LL ALL FIGHT! THERE'S AN ARSENAL HIDDEN IN THE CELLAR!



WE'RE A HALF-DOZEN AGAINST A HUNDRED! I'VE A BETTER PLAN... BZZ-ZZ-BZZZZZ ZZ-BZZ!

A SLIM CHANCE, UNKNOWN, BUT PERFECT, IF IT WORKS!



ACHTUNG!--DER SANITARIUM! COME OUT IN VUN MINUTE OR VE BLOW DER WHOLE PLACE TO PIECES! YOU HAFF VUN MINUTE TO SURRENDER!



D-DON'T SHOOT! W-WE S-SURRENDER!

ACH! LISTEN TO DOT UNKNOWN SHIVER MIT TERROR VEN HIS TIME IS OOP!



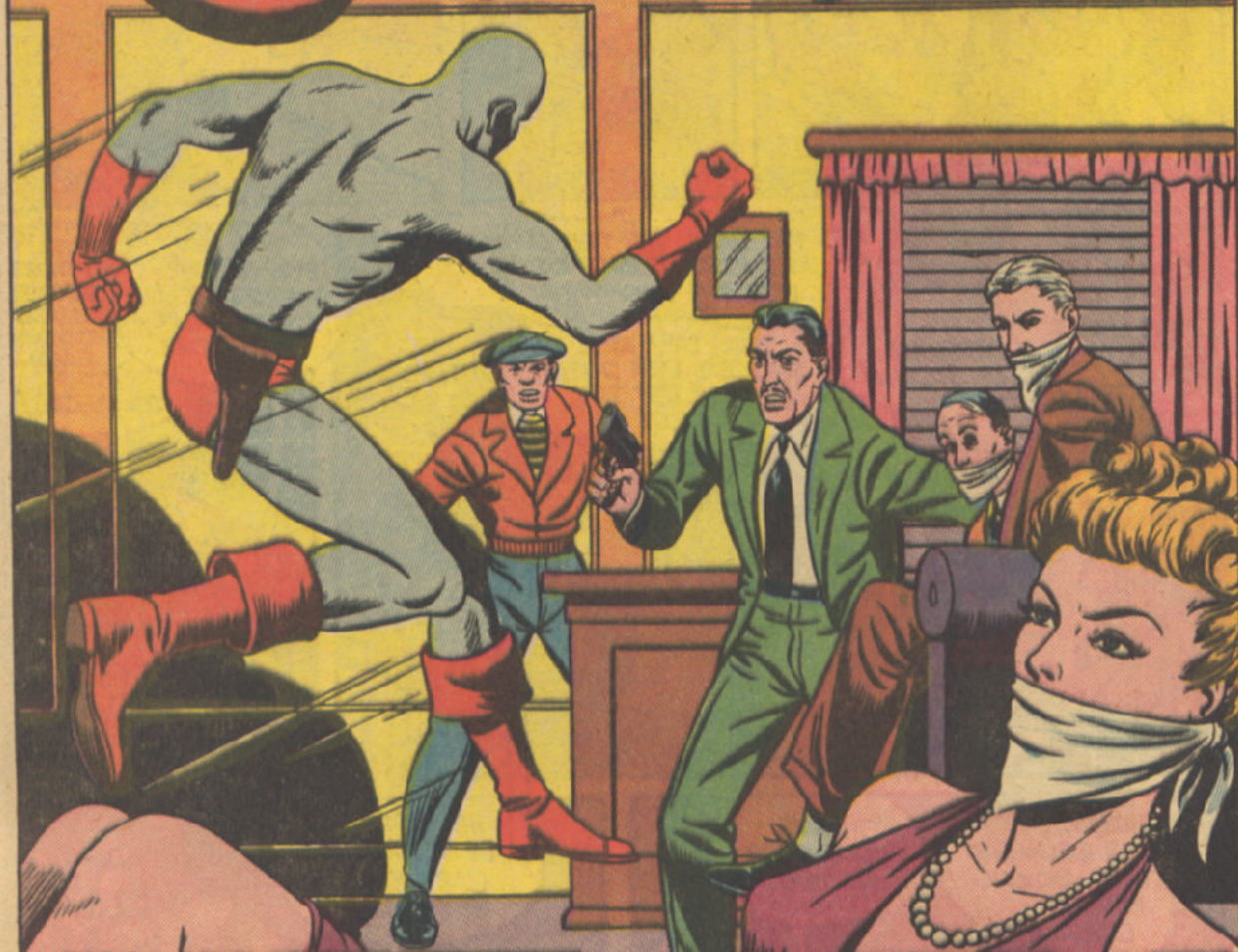
THIS IS FAR ENOUGH, DOCTOR! READY ---

I'M READY!



G-2

IN

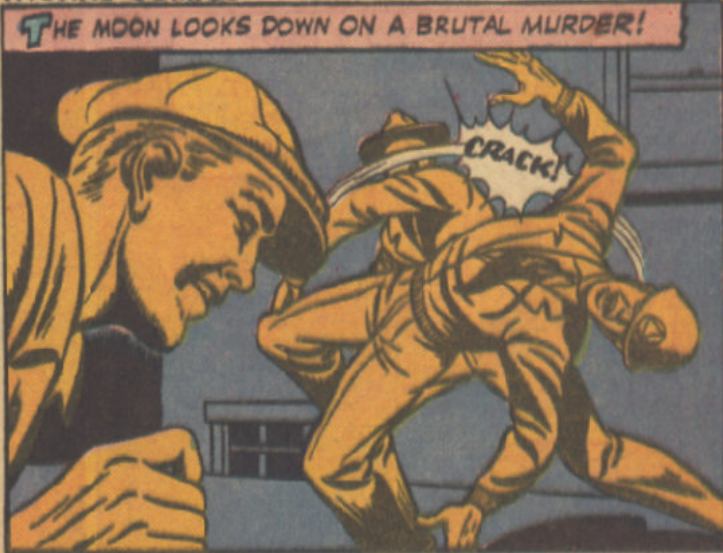
The
Blackout
Looters!

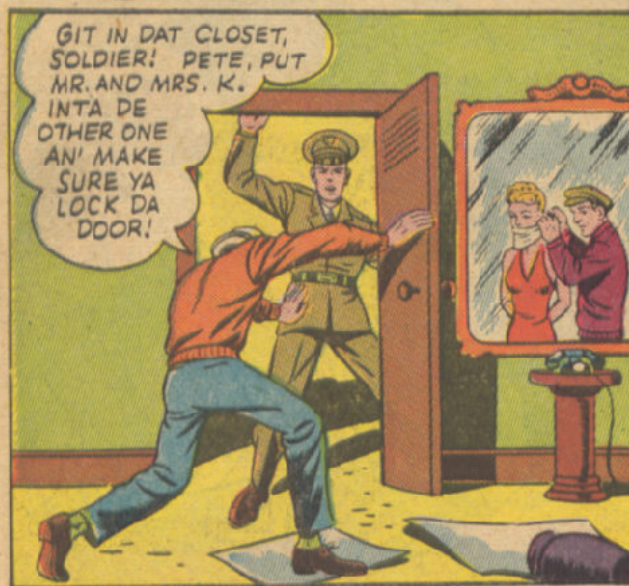
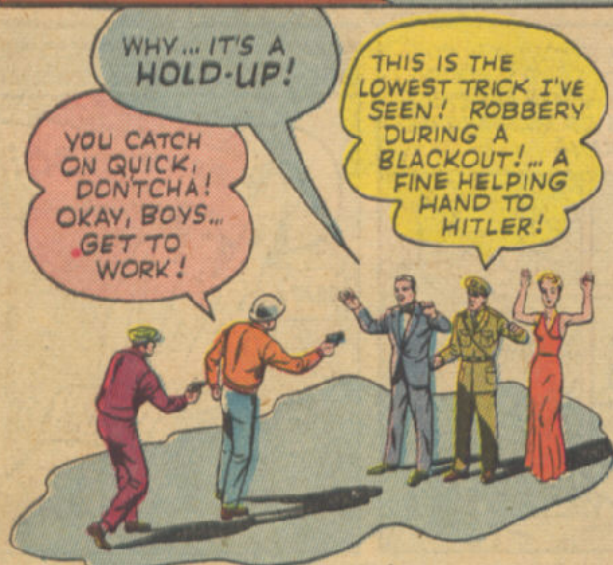
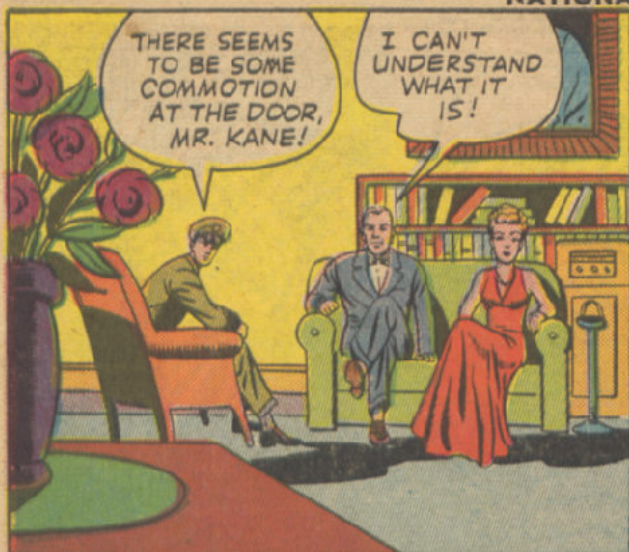
THE EVIL MINDS OF THE UNDERWORLD CHURN UP CRIMES TO FIT EVERY OCCASION... AS THEY PLOT TO LOOT THE HOMES OF A GIGANTIC CITY DURING BLACKOUTS!... YOU WOULDN'T THINK SOME MEN COULD BE SO LOW, WOULD YOU? BUT WATCH G-2, ACE ARMY INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVE, GO TO WORK ON THEM!

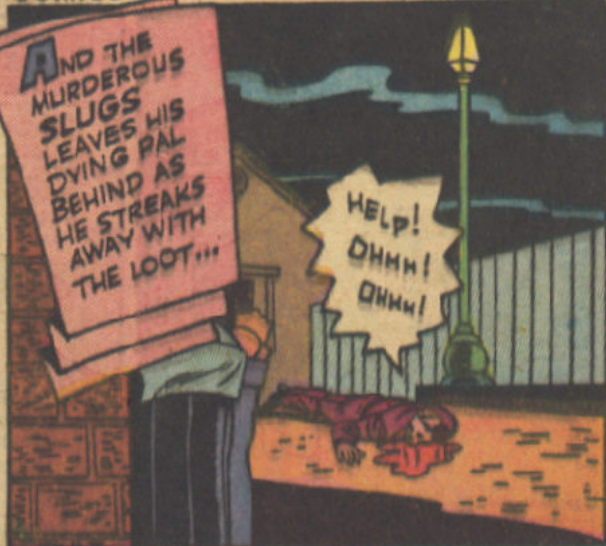
NINE O'CLOCK OF A SUMMER EVENING... AND THE AIR-RAID SIRENS SCREECH FORTH A PRACTICE BLACKOUT WARNING!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

FILE No. 3,679
Case No. 14









AH! ... THE
"ALL CLEAR"
IS ON!



Meanwhile... SLUGS AND
HIS REMAINING PAL DIVIDE
THE LOOT!

GOSH,
SLUGS!
DIDJA
HAFTA
PLUG
'IM?

HEY! ARE
YOU
GITTIN'
SOFT,
TOD?



NAW, CHIEF ... HONEST,
I AIN'T ... I JUST
THOUGHT! ...

I'LL
DO ALL TH'
THINKIN' ...
SEE! KEEP
YER TRAP
SHUT!



ON 'ACCOUNTA
ME RUBBIN' OUT
THAT SOFTY, I'M
TAKIN' HIS
SHARE! ...
ANY
OBJECTION?

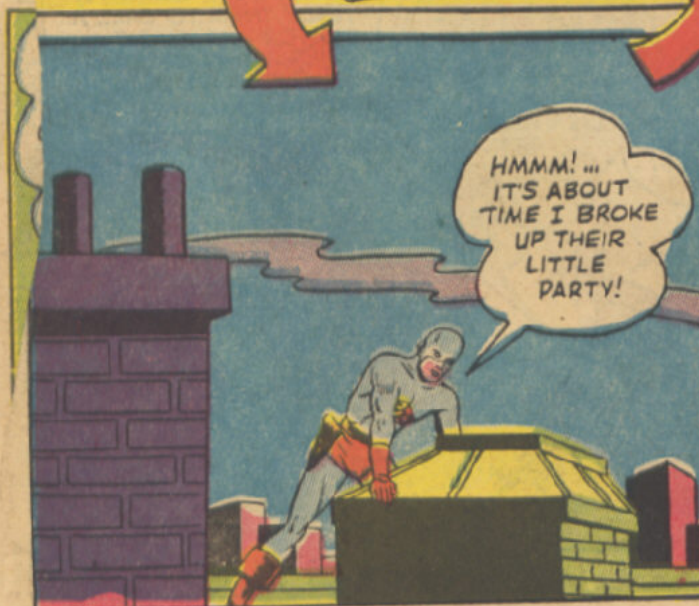
WHO ... ME?
N-N-NO!



HI,
FELLAS!
MIND IF I
JOIN
YOU?

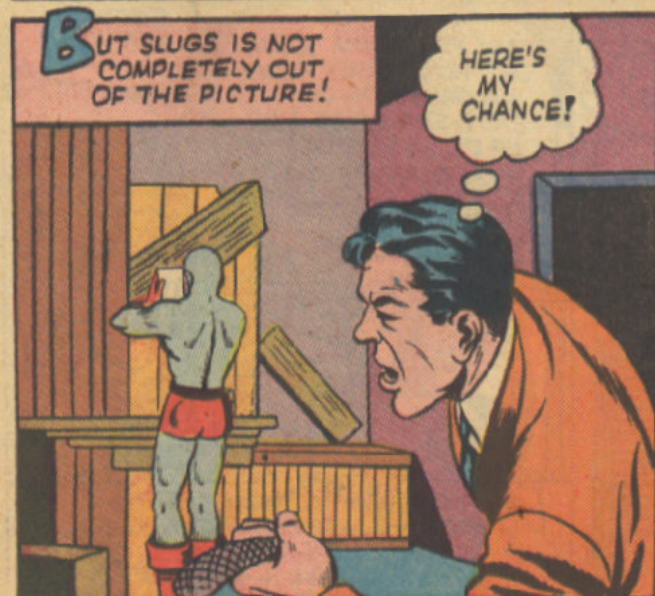
G-2!

WE'RE
SUNK ...
UNLESS--



HMMM! ...
IT'S ABOUT
TIME I BROKE
UP THEIR
LITTLE
PARTY!





BUT... SUDDENLY A SHOT
RINGS OUT BEHIND
THE TREACHEROUS SLUGS!



HE HAD IT
COMIN'!...
HE WAS
A NAZI!

I'M LOW, YEAH!...
I'VE STOLEN, ROBBED,
KIDNAPPED --- BUT
I'M NOT SO LOW
AS TO BE A
DIRTY
NAZI
SNAKE!

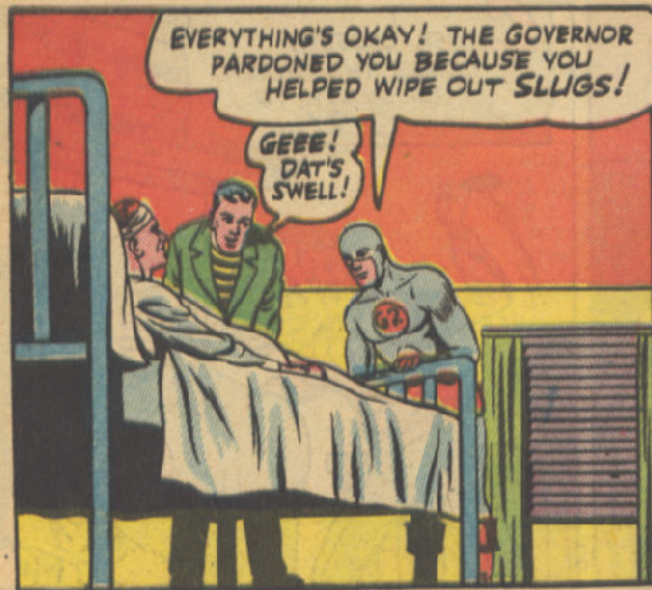


EVERYTHING'S OKAY! THE GOVERNOR
PARDONED YOU BECAUSE YOU
HELPED WIPE OUT SLUGS!

GEE!
DAT'S
SWELL!

AN' I'M GONNA SHOW
DAT HITLER GUY HOW
DA GANGS ON DA
EAST SIDE USETA MOP
UP DA WEST SIDE!
--ADOLPH BETTER
START
RUNNIN'!

GOOD
FOR YOU!!



FOLLOW G-Z ON ANOTHER
EXCITING ADVENTURE IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF
NATIONAL COMICS!